

## Tortured Memories

by A.H.S. Stories

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Summary: Mulder meets an old 'friend' from the FBI Academy and helps her deal with difficult memories.

## Tortured Memories

DISCLAIMER: The X-Files and it's characters belong to Chris Carter, 10-13 Productions, the "I made this" kid, FOX network, and so on. They don't belong to me. I know that, I'm just borrowing them for a little heart wrenching (hopefully) fun. Don't sue me, I HAVE NO MONEY ANYWAY! (That means I'm not selling this.) :)

RATING: I'm calling it 'R' because I don't know how disturbing some people will find it. If a different rating is deserved PLEASE TELL ME!!

SUMMARY: Mulder meets an old 'friend' from the FBI Academy and helps her deal with difficult memories. (WARNING: Rape is involved here. Hence the rating.)

CLASSIFICATION: It's heavy, I don't really know how else to describe it. :}

"Tortured Memories"

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Cathy lay on the bed motionless. Her clothes lay in a ripped pile on the floor nearby. Tears streamed down her face as her attacker renewed his assault. Hot spikes of pain coursed through her body, mixing with the heat of shame. The bed rocked as her attacker thrust, rhythmically, desperately. The room was filled with his animalistic sounds of pleasure, punctured by her quiet sobbing. She couldn't remember how long it had been; all she knew was she was too weak to

fight. At first she had, but he had pinned her down, hitting her repeatedly until she had fallen back, subdued. Silently her tears poured forth, as images from that night flashed over and over again in her mind. She tried to fight, to scream once again...

"NO!" Cathy sat up with a start. Her cry choking in her throat as she realized where she was. Apologetically she looked around her. Had she screamed out loud? It was quiet on the late night flight to Washington. As she looked around, she saw that the few people on board seemed to be resting quietly.

"Can I get you anything Ma'am?" The flight attendant leaned across the empty seats by Cathy. "Something to drink maybe?"

"No," Cathy replied distractedly, "But if I could have another blanket."

The flight attendant nodded and walked towards the back of the plane, stopping to check on several other passengers on the way.

Mulder sat in his seat on the plane. He watched the flight attendant leave after checking on the woman two rows in front of him. As he looked across the aisle, he saw her slump back into her seat. Her head bent down towards the floor. He wondered briefly what had made her cry out. It hadn't been a loud scream; in fact it had stopped almost when it began. This did not disguise the intense emotion behind it though. Next to him Scully slept soundly. He envied how she could sleep almost anywhere. When they had long car rides or plane trips, she always seemed prepared and at ease; always having something planned to occupy her time. Otherwise, she slept.

As Mulder glanced back at the woman across the aisle, he couldn't help but think that she seemed familiar somehow. The flight attendant walked past him, stopping at 'her' seat to give 'her' a blanket. Mulder watched as the woman wrapped the blanket around herself. He stopped the flight attendant as she went by him again.

"Excuse me," he said softly. "Do you happen to know who that woman there is?" He gestured to the woman with the blanket.

"I don't remember what her last name is, but I believe her name is Cathy." The attendant replied with a knowing smile.

Mulder nodded. "Thank you." He said, ignoring the fact that the attendant had most likely gotten the wrong idea about his inquiry. As he glanced back at Cathy, he suddenly remembered. Her name was Cathy Marsden. They had worked together during the time after Scully's abduction. She had just finished her training at the FBI Academy in Quantico. They had met at one of his case briefings, he didn't remember which, something for violent crimes or criminal profiling he thought, and had become good friends. He recalled that she had sort of disappeared during the last weeks before Scully's return. No one knew where she had gone, although the rumors said she had decided to quit the FBI. That had been over 3 years ago. As he looked at her again, he noticed her shoulders shake slightly, heard a small sniff. She was crying. Mulder undid his seat belt and walked towards the seat, leaning over slightly as he stood beside it.

"Cathy," he said softly. "Is that you?"

She started in her seat and looked up at him. Her eyes were red and watery as she scanned his face quickly. "Fox?" She asked slowly.

Mulder nodded and sat down in the seat next to her. "I wasn't sure it was you." He said. "Are you all right?" He asked kindly.

"Yeah, I'm all right." She replied. "I just had a dream I haven't had in a long time."

"It's been a long time since I saw you." Mulder said. "How have you been?"

Cathy froze for a moment; "It's been hell, Fox." She thought. "I've been so miserable you don't even know."

"I've been busy, Fox" she said instead. "After I left the Academy, I moved to Chicago. I got a job as a managerial assistant in a law firm. I'm going to Washington right now on a business trip." She paused briefly, "What have you done since the Academy?"

"I stayed with the FBI," Mulder began. "At first I was in the violent crimes section, but I've spent the last five years assigned, on and off, to the X-Files. My partner and I are flying back from a case now." He wanted to ask why she had left in the first place, why she hadn't said goodbye, but held back. He had the feeling she would tell him in her own time. "Are you going to be in DC for long?" he asked instead.

"A few days, maybe a week."

Mulder sensed that Cathy didn't want to talk for some reason. He knew her well, and respected her. He also knew when she felt ready, she would tell him what was bothering her. He was concerned because she hardly ever cried. He realized she was very similar to Scully sometimes.

"I have to go to a meeting tomorrow morning, Fox." She said suddenly. She was glad to see him, but felt awkward being with him right now. She knew he was worried about her, it was written all over his face and slipped through in his voice. She just couldn't explain to him yet. "Not here," She thought. "Not now Fox." Somehow, just his coming to see her had calmed her nerves from her nightmare. Maybe she would be all right now. Maybe it would all stop now.

"Call me if you're free." Mulder said. "I'll treat you to dinner before you go back to Chicago." He handed her one of his cards from work with his home number scribbled on the back.

Mulder stood up and went back to his seat. As he sat down, he watched Cathy lean back in her seat and go to sleep again. She looked more relaxed now. He wished he knew what was bothering her, hoping that she would call him. Smiling as memories of their days together at the Academy came back to him, Mulder closed his eyes and slept for the remainder of the flight.

Three days later:

Cathy sat in her hotel room, the afternoon sun streaming through a crack in her hastily drawn curtain. She tried desperately to push

back the feelings and memories which threatened to surface and overtake her once again. She thought back to the events that day which had triggered her response.

She had started her day at the county courthouse waiting to meet with the lawyer she was to contact during her trip. He had been defending a young rape victim when she had entered the court, and she had listened to his cross-examination of the accused momentarily before fleeing the courtroom to wait in the hall. She wasn't ready to hear the things he was describing again. She couldn't deal with it. She had met with him after the trial exchanged information, and caught a bus back to her hotel. On the way, a very drunken passenger had come onto her. She had moved to the front of the bus and sat right by the door. "God", she had thought. "When will this stop? When will I be able to be around people without panicking?" When she got to her stop, she had almost run the two blocks to her hotel. She had come into her room and tried to distract herself; but she could feel the overwhelming panic and pain growing deep inside her.

Desperate, Cathy reached for her phone. There had to be someone she could talk to... sitting on the table next to the phone was Mulder's business card. Struggling to hold onto her sanity, Cathy dialed the number to his office. Once, twice, three times it rang. As she was about to give up all hope, she faintly heard him pick up the phone.

"Hello?" Mulder answered the phone, hoping the caller hadn't hung up. He had just walked in to the office with Scully after a meeting with Skinner. He had wanted them to clarify some points in the report on their last case.

"Fox..." Cathy heard herself saying desperately. "I need to see you."

Mulder was worried instantly about the tone in Cathy's voice. "Cathy, are you all right?" He asked worriedly.

"Please come Fox". Cathy choked off a sob as she spoke. "I need you to be here." Her world was caving in around her all over again. She needed someone to pull her out. She'd lost the ability.

"Cathy," Mulder felt like he was almost shouting. "Where are you?" He wrote down the address that she gave him on a piece of paper on his desk. "O.K. Cathy," he said. "I'll be there in a few minutes." He heard a click and the line went dead and hung up his phone.

Cathy sunk down onto the couch in her hotel room, hanging up the phone as she did. Briefly in the back of her mind, "Mulder's coming" registered. She closed her eyes.

"There's no one here to help you." He whispered into her ear. "You might as well accept what's going to happen now." He grabbed her wrists and held them with one hand, while the other crept roughly under her shirt, feeling her body. Stroking, pinching, and then grabbing. His lips wandered across her face briefly, touching but not kissing. Kissing had tenderness. With his other hand, he reached behind her head and bent her head back. His mouth forced her lips apart and his tongue hungrily probed her mouth, drowning out her desperate protests. He tore off her shirt and bra with one desperate tug and thrust her onto the bed behind her. "You know you want this,"

He whispered softly in her ear. "The less you fight, the less it has to hurt."

Scully stood by Mulder's desk trying to understand the phone call Mulder had just gotten. She didn't know exactly what was going on, but she hadn't seen Mulder this worried since, well, since SHE had been in trouble. She wondered briefly who Cathy was, but decided not ask him then.

"Do you want me to go with you Mulder?" She asked as he grabbed his jacket and keys.

Mulder paused briefly. "No Scully." He decided. "I'll call you if I need your help though." "It might be awkward." He added as an explanation.

Scully nodded, understanding. She watched as Mulder practically ran out of the room, holding the address he had jotted down only minutes before.

20 minutes later:

Mulder swore he had broken the world's land speed record for getting across D.C. in afternoon traffic. As he drove, he recalled the time he and Cathy had spent together at the Academy. They had been close then, the way he and Scully were now. He tried not to imagine what had happened that had made her so upset. Unconsciously, Mulder pressed the gas, willing himself to get to her quicker. He stood outside Cathy's hotel room door and knocked gently on the door. It was the third time he had knocked and still she hadn't come to the door. He was about ready to break the door down if she didn't come, or say something to him.

"Cathy!" he called. "Are you there? It's me, Mulder. Cathy, answer me. Please!"

He listened carefully for a moment and heard faint sobs coming from inside the hotel room. He looked around, wondering if he should get the desk clerk to let him in. "No," he thought. That would take too long." He reached into his jacket pocket and began to pick the lock quickly. After what seemed like hours to him, the lock clicked and he opened the door. Quickly Mulder walked into the hotel room. Daggers of light streaked through the curtains, barely illuminating the room. Across the room, he could see Cathy sitting on the couch. Or rather, curled in a ball, sobbing, at the far end of the couch. He quickly walked towards her, kneeling down beside the couch as he spoke.

"Cathy," he said softly. "What happened?" He reached out and touched her shoulder gently, but reeled back as she shook away from his touch, becoming more agitated.

"It's happening again." She said. Agony crept into her voice. She froze, eyes closed as tears streamed down her face. "No." She moaned. "Please stop. Go away. NO!"

Mulder watched, shocked, as Cathy seemed to retreat into a different world. His mind raced as he tried to understand what was happening.

"Cathy," he said softly, "It's me, Fox. What's wrong?"

"Ben," she cried. "No! Please stop, please."

"Ben." Mulder thought, "Who's Ben?..." He thought back quickly. Ben Roberts. He had been Cathy's boyfriend that year at the F.B.I., they had been going out for a few months when she had disappeared. Suddenly it all made sense to Mulder. He cringed with the realization of what had happened. That sick bastard had raped her. "Oh, God!" The impact of this realization hit Mulder full force. He looked at Cathy once more. She had stopped speaking and now sat motionless on the couch, her sobs beginning to choke off. He moved beside her and gently put his arm around her

shoulder, slowly drawing her to him.

"Shhh. It's okay," he whispered. "I'm here. It's all over. You're safe now. He can't hurt you any more."

He held her, rocking slowly, feeling her relax in his arms. Her tears subsided and she slowly drifted off to sleep. Mulder lost track of how long they stayed this way. He only knew that when she stirred and opened her eyes, it was as if a complete change had occurred. He felt as if the real Cathy had returned to him. She was still visibly shaken, but she was back in the 'real' world.

Slowly, Cathy sat up on the couch. She was back. She could vaguely remember calling someone, hearing someone comfort her, hold her. She turned and looked behind her, into the eyes of her closest friend.

"Fox." She whispered. "You came."

"Did I, um, talk a lot?" she asked hesitantly.

Mulder nodded silently, pain clearly visible in his eyes. "I'm so sorry," he said finally. "Is that why you left?"

"Yes." Cathy replied slowly. "The police kept it quiet. There was no doubt in the case. I dropped out of the academy and moved away about a week later." She chuckled slightly. "I've lived in eight different places, trying to forget. I've been in and out of countless 'relationships'... every time something happens and I get trapped in the memories...just like now." Her voice trailed off.

The two of them sat on the couch in silence for a few moments.

"I haven't told anyone what happened after I left DC," Cathy continued. "I've wanted to. But I never found someone I felt comfortable with."

Cathy looked briefly at Mulder, her unspoken question clear in her eyes. Mulder nodded slowly in reply.

"You can tell me," He said softly.

Cathy took a deep breath, and pushed back her hesitation. She had needed to tell someone for a long time, she had to do it now. Fox would understand her.

"You remember when we met for the first time at the McKenzie briefing? Ben and I met about three weeks later on a blind date. A friend of mine had put my name in a contest, and the first 50 people got paired with a mystery date. It wasn't half bad for a date with a complete stranger... About a week later Ben called me and asked if I wanted to go to dinner with him. The week after we went to a movie. We got along well. I mean, there were no indications for what was going to happen. After the movie he asked me if I wanted to get something to eat. I think we got ice cream. By then it was late and he said he would bring me back to my apartment; he just needed to pick up a package for his friend before he did. He said he was sorry, it wouldn't take long. I must have fallen asleep in the car. When he woke me up, we were outside a hotel somewhere in Virginia. When I tried to ask him about it, he got mad. He grabbed my arm and pulled me into the hotel room. The door was open already, I think he was getting ready to carry me in. He stood beside me and told me to shut up. Then it all began. He started to touch me. If I resisted, then he would hit me. He kept telling me that I wanted it; that I'd asked for it. And that if I would only stop fighting nature that it wouldn't hurt so much. Mulder could hear the pain and bitterness in her voice as she spoke. He took a deep breath before speaking again.

"I'm sorry." He said. "I wish I could have been there to help you."

"It's okay Fox. You've helped me a lot just by listening right now. I've never been able to talk to anyone until now. Maybe I can start to get better; to go on with my life."

"Are you going back to Chicago soon?" Mulder asked.

"My plane leaves tomorrow afternoon. I'm sorry I didn't get to see you more. I always seem to see people only when I need help." Cathy grinned sheepishly as she spoke.

"Are you hungry?" Mulder asked suddenly.

"What?!"

"I said I would take you to dinner before you left. Remember? On the plane when I first saw you." Mulder replied cheerfully; standing up and drawing Cathy with him.

"Get your coat." He said as he did. "Were going to go out to eat."

Smiling, Cathy stood up and went to her closet, grabbing a light jacket from inside it.

"You always did know how to take a lady's mind off something, Fox." She said as they walked out of her hotel room.

"Someday I'm going to appreciate that."

The End

Well, that's it . . . what did you think was going to happen!?! , Mulder would rape someone!... COME ON! Feedback is greatly appreciated, so fill out the little form, or even e-mail me at: ahs@starttrekmail.com . Thanks and keep the comments coming. (check

out my other stuff too)

End  
file.